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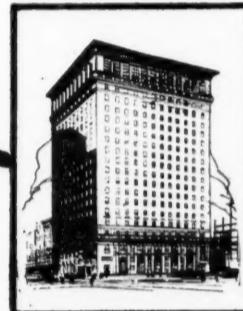
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REEDY'S MIRROR

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Why W. W. Whistles

By William Marion Reedy

THE Canadians under Haig have pierced the Hindenburg line below Arras. This is only an incident, but a significant one. The line is not impregnable. The war maps show that the present German line is straightening out as it falls back. Foch's tactics are apparently to keep his line relatively straight, not throwing out very deep salients of his troops open to flank attacks, but so directing his operations that they keep enemy reserves busy at fixed points, while his troops have much freedom of manoeuvre. This concentration of the enemy is precluded and the German line is both lengthened and thinned. This accomplished, the logic of war compels a general allied attack to find out the weakest point, go through there with massed reserves, split the enemy forces, roll them back on either side of the opening and force confusion and retreat. The allies do not strike at the German salients or strong points but rather to either side, pushing back the enemy and giving play to pinching operations on the salients later.

So far as can be ascertained the American troops are not now participating extensively in the fighting. A few units are engaged but the newly organized American army constantly increasing is apparently being held in reserve until the time for the big push comes, when it will be used as the shock army. All this is not a matter of a few days, for though badly battered and ripped up there is still plenty of fight in the Germans and despite the blare of the headlines there is no sign yet of panic. Military authorities agree that the German "retreat experts" are on the job and know their business. The allied forces have done well but they are to-day only back at the line from which they began their retreat. Too much happy headlining is bad, for it may create the impression that the Germans are now so demoralized that the allies can win without our help. Our troops are still needed and plenty of them. They are going over in boats in such numbers that the soldiers sleep in three eight-hour shifts.

An American army big enough to turn the trick is forthcoming. The man-power bill will go through as the President wants it. I think the anti-strike amendment should have been adopted—work or fight. Such an amendment means conscription of labor. Why not? Except that conscription of labor should not precede conscription of the places in which workers work. As Louis F. Post, assistant secretary of labor said, "This democracy will not stand for the conscription of men to work for the profit of other men. The conscripted man must work for Uncle Sam and for no one else." Conscript the mines, forests and factories first. Mr. Post spoke for the administration, but the senate balked at his too drastic alternative and adopted the Cummins amendment exempting strikers who continue work pending war board arbitration of grievances and accept the board's decision. The compromise seems workable. A good amendment provides for the supply by the government of uniforms and equipment to officers at cost. Officers have been viciously gouged by tailors and bootmakers and others and forced into debt by such profiteering. A splendid addition to the bill is the provision for the college education of soldiers and sailors after their discharge, during a period not exceeding two years. The draft age will stand as be-

tween 18 and 45. Registration will begin next Monday. Shipping output increases, our war gain gathers speed. Unhappily the revenue bill is not in as good shape as the man-power bill, for Mr. Kitchin refuses to surrender to Mr. McAdoo. The President is to decide between them. The odds are on Mr. McAdoo. The treasury wants an eighty per cent tax on direct war profits with an alternative excess profits tax, upon present terms, of from twenty to sixty per cent. The house ways and means committee accepts the war profit tax but differs as to the alternative taxes, submitting a complicated system of differentiation as to percentages of taxes upon percentages of investment and profit. On individual incomes, the administration favors a tax of fifteen per cent on unearned and twelve per cent on earned incomes, while the house committee holds out for thirteen per cent and ten per cent, respectively. The bill cannot be passed until late in October or even after the congressional elections, what with hearings, debates and other delays.

A disastrous thing is the agreement upon prohibition for the duration of the war, beginning July 1, 1919. This means prohibition forever and a theocratic domination. It also means huge profits for the liquor interests between now and July 1, though beer will be prohibited in April. Those profits will be got at by heavy taxes this year but there will be a flock of new booze millionaires. The near-beers and indeed all soft drinks are to be heavily taxed. A total of these liquor taxes or hundreds of millions showing how prohibition will cut off revenue counts for nothing. No one cares that if liquor and beer taxes cease there must be taxes on the dinner table. The answer is that the people and not the brewers and distillers pay the liquor taxes. It looks as if old King Booze is done for. The boozier isn't weeping, though he has a good laugh over such a thing as the petition of certain virtuous ladies asking Governor Whitman, who favors prohibition and likes a drink, to take publicly the total abstinence pledge.

In the larger politics of the war there have been recent happenings ominous to the enemy, the most important being Spain's diplomatic victory in forcing Germany to turn over her interned shipping to make good future Spanish losses by submarine activity. And besides Spain has given the United States a one hundred million credit which makes her our financial ally. Norway threatens to follow Spain's lead in demanding shipping for losses suffered at German hands. Denmark and Holland are said to be gathering spunk to resent Teutonic bullying. Bulgaria and Turkey have been doing nothing, and Austria little, save under compulsion, and gradually weakening her front before the Italians.

Our government has got over its duck fit about Mexico's nationalizing the oil fields, by separating title to surface lands and subsoil deposits. Her right to do this by taxation or otherwise is unquestioned as is her right to take the oil fields if she will. The fear that she will withhold oil from the United States and the allies is baseless, especially with Germany's power on the wane. Seizure of property owned by investors from this country might be impolitic, but there is to be no seizure without compensation. There's a story that the Vatican is trying to establish diplomatic relations with this country and China, as it has with Great Britain and Japan. This is probably German propaganda to make trouble between England on the one hand and Italy and

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France on the other, and to stir up anti-Catholicism here. France protested the appointment of a papal nuncio at Peking and Italy demands the Vatican have no part in the final peace conferences. As for the Russian situation, it worries Germany even more than it does the allies, for her friends, in effect if not in purpose, Lenin and Trotzky, are out of power and she has to take care of a new eastern front. All is so quiet in Italy as to suggest there may be soon something doing there, with a large contingent of Americans helping in the way of driving on to Vienna as Napoleon did.

The administration spares the guns of the critics of war management by a compromise concession to the demand for an air secretary by appointing John D. Ryan second assistant secretary of war in charge of both air craft production and military aeronautics. General Benedict Crowell is made director of munitions. Edward Stettinius is made special representative of the war department in France, having heretofore held the official place now given Mr. Ryan. All these men are still subordinate to Secretary Baker. The air and munition ministries have no plenary powers. They are tubs to the whale.

Walter Hines Page's resignation of the ambassadorship to Great Britain comes unexpectedly. It seems that the explanation of it as due to illness is not camouflage. All the quid nuncs are picking Page's successor. First choice is Edward Mandell House, second Louis D. Brandeis, on leave of absence from the supreme bench as Lord Reading had from a like position when he came here as successor to Lord Northcliffe. Mr. Page's resignation, while not requested, comes when needed. A sick man could not keep the pace of work at this critical time even though under Wilson ambassadors are but messenger boys. There may be other important ambassadorial resignations soon.

I don't wonder that President Wilson whistled blithely as he left the war council on Monday. And though Clemenceau said that Senator James Hamilton Lewis misquoted him through unfamiliarity with the nuances of French expression as saying the war would end this year, I observe that the last official statement by the old tiger substantially corroborates the report by the Illinoisan with the old rose whiskers. Missouri's senator, Reed, too, is going over to inspect the war and all I say is that Lloyd-George, Clemenceau, Foch, Haig, Pershing and everybody else who has anything to do with the scrap will have to justify themselves to him if they don't want to be panned in our upper house of congress. Maybe the ladies can pass the suffrage resolution during his absence.

NEW YORK, August 27.

* * *

Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

Damages, Not Indemnities

"No annexations and no indemnities." So say the Bolsheviks and President Wilson, but I don't see that the allies have accepted the proposition, save "in principle." Lord Robert Cecil cannot see how Germany can have her colonies back. She didn't govern them in accord with the spirit of civilization. The colonies won't be annexed; only turned over to an international commission, perhaps as Egypt was governed by the English and French, until Great Britain took the country over. The United States will not accept any indemnities. But the United States will demand and collect damages. There is a clew to something that will happen after the war. Germany won't have to pay a war indemnity, but she will have to pay for the damage she has done, the ruin she has wrought. The decision of Judge Julius M. Mayer filed in the United States district court that the sinking of the *Lusitania* was an act of piracy, transfers the cause for damages

of more than forty *inc.* from local federal jurisdiction to the international peace table. The settlement of all claims growing out of the sinking now rests upon the imperial German government. The decision sweeps away all the claims of litigants that the Cunard company was careless and neglectful of precautions to protect property and life entrusted to its care, and that the sailing of the *Lusitania* was a case of foolhardiness. The claim for damages lies on the German government and payment must be exacted at the peace table by Great Britain and the United States. Here are some other things Judge Mayer decided: that the *Lusitania* carried no explosives of any kind; that the navigator exercised every reasonable precaution in traversing the submarine zone; that the sinking was an "inexpressibly cowardly act;" that the Cunard line was in no way responsible and should not be held accountable for damages. The British admiralty has decided certain cases against the Cunard company in the same way. Judge Mayer's decision covers a wide range of points about the tragic voyage, the Bernstorffian warnings to Americans not to sail, the other warnings received at sea, the precautions that were taken in the way of life-boat drills, the zig-zag method of sailing. The decision of the case fills five or more newspaper columns and it contains, evidently, the argument that this country and the allies will address to the peace conference upon hundreds of other sinkings. If the sinking of the *Lusitania* was piracy, how about the invasion of Belgium and the sacking of her cities? Were not all the bombings of unfortified towns in England and France acts of piracy? What of compensation for the deaths of Edith Cavell and Captain Fryatt? How about the bombing of base hospitals and the torpedoing of hospital ships? What a bill for damages there will be! Not only from the people of the allied nations but from the injured folk of the Scandinavian countries, the Netherlands outside of Belgium, Spain. When the bill of damages has been toted up it will reach such a sum that will make Germany's exaction of a billion from France for the Franco-Prussian war, look like the thirty cents of colloquial persiflage. The bill will be damages, not indemnity—think of the damage to devastated France! It will require more than the German colonies to pay the claim. The German people will have to pay it. Germany started the war, broke the peace, and "who breaks, pays." Germany has made war by unrecognized methods and cannot evade the penalties visited on an outlaw. She may not have to pay governments but she will have to pay individuals for whom governments will act as collecting agencies. What the sum will be one can hardly imagine, but it will be enough to make German taxpayers hate the men who contracted the bill. The restoration of Belgium and northern France alone will cost billions. And shall Germany pay nothing for her infliction of anguish of mind upon the people she did not kill? Germany won't be able to pay in cash. Something will have to be seized to make good the judgment. The colonies won't be annexed or even internationally governed at first, but will be held as security. So there won't be any annexations or indemnities, but there will be exaction of damages and securities. And how can Germany hope soon to pay, with all that great world-girdling business which was her's before the war, gone, irrevocably, with her man-power debilitated, with her ordinary natural taxation piled Haman high? That all this in the immediate future is clear to business Germany we cannot doubt. Commercial Germany faces ruin. She won't be able either to buy or to sell. She will have no money and no one will want her goods. Peace for Germany may be a worse horror than war. The morale of the civilian population is deliquescent. As for the morale of the army—look at the daily news. The Teutonic legions cannot stand. They retreat. The allies gain at every point and the bag of German prisoners is amazingly large. Ludendorff may stand on the Hindenburg line when he gets back to it, but by the time he is ready to stand there will be more Americans there and still more coming. You should see the transports filling up with men and

slipping out of New York harbor. They are going in a steady stream, in boatloads of 8,000 and 10,000; not only from here but from other ports. The soldier boys come to points hereabout in divisions from all parts of the country. They ring up friends to tell that they will be up to call in a day or two, and then—they telephone again saying, "Can't call. Come down if you can. Sail to-morrow. If you can't come, good-bye." So they go. And you look out on the river of a morning and the big ships that were there the evening before are gone. They stole out at night. You have an appointment at one of the docks to take a boat ride with the harbor commissioner. Both arrive at once to learn that the dock has been taken over by the army for the loading of a transport. A harbor commissioner, in such circumstances, is a case of extremely low visibility to an army officer. How about the submarines off the coast? They haven't "got" a transport or a big freighter yet. The way the troop ships go out will convince you, if you watch the harbor, that though the Germans won't lose anything by annexation, or pay anything as indemnity, they will have to put their colonies in hock as guarantee that they will pay damages.

* * *

A Russian Interview

LAST evening I met two gentlemen from Russia, just arrived. One is a publicist, the other had been a sort of brigadier-general under Korniloff. Their opinions upon the conditions in Russia are interesting. First it seems that in the early stages of the revolution our ambassador, Mr. Francis, made his connections with the wrong elements. He was so surrounded by those inclined to conservatives that he did not sense what was going to happen, even when it was reported to him that the soldiers were going to quit the army when cold weather came, and he was told how along the roads about the camps officers were found dead—assassinated wherever they were found alone. This was a bad start for Mr. Francis. All along he told those who saw Bolshevism coming that they were pessimists. Consequently, according to my informants, our ambassador had innocently enough misled his government. A man who wanted to go to Russia on the commission of allied propaganda told me something confirming the theory that Mr. Francis is, as we say, "in bad" at Washington. This man stressed as recommendation that he was a friend of Mr. Francis but he was told to "put the soft pedal on that stuff," because no friend of Francis had a chance to go to Russia under administration auspices. As I get the story, Mr. Francis is blamed for so informing his government as to make the Bolshevik uprising a surprise, and furthermore to delay our action in the direction of intervention. The American ambassador was almost as much in the dark as to what was going on as the British minister, Sir George Buchanan, who not only didn't know anything, but didn't even suspect anything.

My Russian acquaintances said that the war would have to be won in Russia. Suppose, said they, the allies drive the Germans back to the Rhine. This will shorten the German line and give it a density impenetrable by our forces save at such cost in life as the democracies will not pay. While that line holds Germany will draw on Russia for food, metals and finally men. The Germans don't care how many Russians may starve as a result of German seizure of food. Those who do not starve will be lured or forced into the German armies, for the Russian peasantry are ignorant and German propaganda has convinced them that England is their enemy, while France cares nothing for Russia but to get back the money advanced by the Parisian money lenders. All Russia hates Japan. Italy went in with the other allies on the secret treaties. Therefore the only nation for whom the Russians have any sympathy is the United States. Only we can keep the Russians from going over to Germany. President Wilson has finally acted upon this theory but he should have

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acted long before and his programme should be more extensive than it is. My own opinion is that the programme is more comprehensive than we suspect and anyone who has read the President's Russian memorandum can see that it is capable of indefinite development.

The Russian gentlemen told me that it is not necessary there should be large armed forces sent to Russia. The plan is to let the Chekoslavs go on fighting, with assistance more potential than actual from the allies, gathering strength from the people. We should follow up with Red Cross forces, transportation experts, merchants, social and economic organizers, consolidating the counter-Bolshevist revolution with the population. But how about the anti-Bolshevist forces that were fighting not for a democracy but for a restoration of czarism, the forces under men like Korniloff and Kaledines? That makes no difference, say my Russian acquaintances; the point is that the Bolshevik regime must be got out of the way if German penetration and domination are to be prevented. Anything that will get rid of the Bolsheviks will be a step towards getting rid of the Germans. The monarchists are our friends to the extent that they are anti-German. They help to the extent that they keep the Germans and the Red Guards from concentrating against the Chekoslavs. Those Chekoslavs number all told about 100,000 men, but they are split up and pocketed at various places between Lake Baikal and Vladivostok. Small allied forces marching to them will probably save them, but Americans should predominate in the relief forces, because only in Americans have Russians any faith whatever, only to our flag will the people rally. The general situation simmers down to this: there must be intervention, if not by us, then by the Germans, for both high and low a feeling grows that anything is preferable to mad Bolshevik anarchy. There is no government in fact. There would be no order but for the decency and kindness of the Russian people as shown by the comparative bloodlessness of their revolution and the absence of noyades and the wreaking of private vengeance under pretext of the revolution.

Not only do the upholders of the old regime say that they will turn to Germany if America doesn't help, but many of the people say the same thing. The people have lost faith in Lenin and Trotsky; they have governed by whim. Their rule is a tyranny of socialism as applied by autocrats. Lenin is an ecstatic fanatic. Trotsky is more of a trickster, a revolutionist with a twist of the Yankee sharper or "con man." They lose power steadily because they have no plan of government. They are said now to be under German protection at Kronstadt, but my Russian informants do not believe that either Lenin or Trotsky is a willing German tool. Both men are only tacking and filling in order to save the revolution and of course Germany's interest is to keep the revolution going as against the allies. Therefore the allies must get to work in Russia on a large scale. Unfortunately they start late. Winter will be on in eastern Russia and Siberia in five weeks. It is on in the region of Archangel and Kola and in the Murman peninsula now. And winter will check our work of consolidating Russians for Russia against the Germans. Bolshevik socialism will continue not to work and democracy will be kept out of a chance to gain a foothold, for at least six months, while German influences will have free play. This is six months lost for us. Meanwhile the German line holds us on the west and German influence works against the allies in the east and strengthens the German western line. The only way to correct this bad situation and condition is by a "diplomatic invasion" of Russia—a large corps of diplomatic missionaries to the Russian people. Up from the Russian people, convinced of our dominance in allied councils, will come Russian armies to "rout Bolshevik and German alike, and back of the Russian armies the people, instructed by us, will organize a government or a nexus of governments on a democratic, not a class basis. This government

will cover the area between Vladivostok and the Volga.

The Volga will then be the great war's eastern front, the Germans holding Russia to the west of the Volga but menaced by the allies from the north and by revolution in all the provinces filched and forced from Russia by the peace of Brest-Litovsk. Such is the theory of the war held by the interventionists who have the ear of Wilson. It looks sound. Men like Raymond Robins and John Reed and Col. Thompson who cry out that intervention will kill a great and beautiful experiment in popular government imagine a thing that doesn't exist. So it is with Arthur Ransome and Louis Edgar Brown and other Bolsheviks apologists. The Bolshevik experiment is a failure because it is no government at all but a madhouse, and Germany uses it, while 170,000,000 Russians, eighty per cent of whom are ignorant, innocent and mystic, are subject to influences that are working for German rather than popular rule. All the radical socialists who shriek out lest we lay sacrilegious hands upon Bolshevism are visioning what doesn't exist—a pure democracy. The people of the rural parts have nothing to say. The proletariat of Petrograd and Moscow are tired of Lenin and Trotsky, who govern drunkenly, without plan. And starvation prevails. And eighty per cent of the children born die within a few weeks. And misery cannot be fed on dreams that are nightmares, but looks for help. If we can't give it the Germans will, and it will be acceptable even though the Germans are hated in Russia, for they "to be hated need but to be seen" in operation. It is up to us to supply the help and thus help the Russians to set up a battle front upon the Volga. This will call German troops from the west. It will stop supplies to Germany from the east. It will weaken the Germans on the western front. Intervention in Russia, on this theory, will win the war, which cannot be won otherwise.

Strangely enough the hardest fight against this eastern front theory does not come from the radical, idealist socialists, pacifists and general impossibilists, but from the U. S. A. general staff, which can see nothing but the western front. That and not the radical phantoms, the President has had to fight for intervention. The army machine couldn't see a political offensive with military trimmings. Our ambassador came around to the point whereat he could see it, when he wrote the letter of protest against being chased all over Russia by the soviets. The general staff is not yet convinced that our business is anywhere but on the western front, though Britain, France, Italy and Japan see the importance of an eastern offensive. The general staff is, according to the interventionists, helping Germany. But the President's small mission of penetration can be enlarged indefinitely and doubtless will be.

After we have saved Russia from Bolshevik and Teuton—then what? The Russian gentlemen I spoke to could not see a republic. Though democrats they thought a constitutional monarchy might work. They do not believe the great masses of Russians are fit for self-government, being so ignorant as not to understand the processes, the machinery of democratic institutions, the meaning and value of the vote and all that. They are too easily led by Iliodors and Rasputins and other fanatics and fakirs. The immediate future government of Russia should be something in the form of an international commission of control, with Germany out of the commission until she shall have brought forth fruits meet for repentance. Russia is a backward region; it should be under an international protectorate organized somewhat like our Philippine commission. The league of nations would look after the commission and presumably keep it from getting into trouble with the Balkan states. All very simple and clear—on paper; but too much machinery. I think that the people of the earth won't be much better off, after they have been relieved of the German menace, if they are to be machine-made-over. Will Russians like an international commission of control? Do

they want to be "given" government or make and run it themselves? The Germans favor the first plan. Are we to save Russia only to Germanize her in another way?

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A Rambling Paragraph

A CELEBRATED publisher spoke in the city club to this effect: *Puck* is dead. Even Hearst's big bank roll couldn't make it go. Why not? Because the new postal zoning law made the cost of distribution prohibitive to a periodical ground between the comic supplements and the Munseyized magazine. Other periodicals, some of them of great national fame, will shortly give up the ghost. Blame it on Burleson! The speaker named three periodicals that will soon lapse. A noted humorist said that the passing of *Puck* doesn't mean the decline of American humor. There is more of it, and some of it better than ever. *Puck* died because its ownership became ossified. Keppler and Schwarzmann had made millions when they had no competition. When rivals sprang up Keppler and Schwarzmann wouldn't put any of their earnings back into the paper for art or literature. They let the institution die of progressive anaemia. Hearst took it but couldn't do anything but make it like his other publications—which was more of a too much sameness and consequently worse. Then the postal zoning finished it off. And the same week that saw the end of *Puck*, that used to be found with the *Police Gazette* in all barber shops as an anodyne for the horrors of razoring, saw the price of a shave go up to twenty-five cents and a hair cut to fifty cents. The barbers grew desperate over their deprivation of mental pabulum. They are wise however. They raise tonsorial prices when such action cannot drive their customers to the use of safety razors. There aren't enough safety razors to go round—and steel restriction prevents the manufacture of more. The barbers have their customers where the hair is short—I mean, long. And it is not at all a mitigation of the woes of the barber shop shavee that about all he has to read, as a bracer of his fortitude while waiting for "Next," is Mr. John D. Rockefeller's *Leslie's Weekly*. Yes, Rockefeller's—for it was his money that bought out Mrs. Frank Leslie and gave her the fortune which she bequeathed to the cause of woman suffrage. It is too bad though that Ella Wheeler Wilcox should so terribly scarify Mrs. Leslie's memory in treating in the *Cosopolitan* of that lady's pathetico-humoresque *salon* of the half-baked and bounderous literary climbers of that New York into which Ella erupted with "Poems of Passion" and "The Birth of an Opal" from far out in Wisconsin in the late 1880s. It seems that "The Birth of an Opal" was an "immoral" poem then. Mr. Hearst may mourn *Puck*, but he still has Ella Wheeler Wilcox with him. But the whole world and the metropolitan newsdealers are agin' him. And yet he's no worse than any other millionaire newspaper publisher—except that he got off on the wrong foot in trying to get in between pro-Germanism and pro-Americanism and use either or both for the exaltation of himself.

* * *

The Colonel and the Justice

So the President has not withdrawn the sunshine of his favor from Colonel E. Mandell House, but has visited him and played golf with him at Magnolia, Mass. Colonel House wasn't responsible for that awful biography of himself in which he was given credit for everything that Mr. Wilson has done since first he swam into public ken. "Some enemy hath done this." Word comes to me that Justice Brandeis of the supreme court has not exactly supplanted Colonel House as confidential adviser at large to the President. Colonel House and Justice Brandeis are working together on advisory plans for peace abroad and reconstruction at home. And if the war is over in 1920, Colonel House and Justice Brandeis will, it is said, favor Newton D. Baker for Democratic presidential nominee. I am told that Colonel House and Justice Brandeis are the only persons who had a

REEDY'S MIRROR

hand or voice in the selection of the commission that is to rescue Russia. This gossip comes from Boston.

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Oh, Mr. Walling!

THERE'S no zeal like that of the new convert—even a convert to war. Mr. William English Walling, socialist, wants the International Free Trade League suppressed—immediately, if not sooner. The league is pro-German. Free trade is pro-German. Peace is pro-German. So I gather from Mr. William English Walling, who used to be a man of sense, and will be again when the hate "hop" dies out in him. If there's any way of having permanent peace after the war, without free trade, I'd like to know what it is. If there's any better way of producing explosions called war than by building fences across world highways and bottling up commerce by means of tariffs I never heard of it. How Mr. Walling, socialist, can be a protectionist is a mystery. How can there be truly free people without free trade, meaning free land as well as a free sea? Ah, but that doesn't apply to Germans after the war. Sure, freedom was a true principle always, but not for the "nigger." The ballot is a weapon to secure rights, but not for women. Such stuff, from Mr. William English Walling!

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The Eclipse of Lane

THERE'S no phase of the war more interesting than its labor aspects. Labor ramifies into high politics as well as low. I've touched upon the rumor that Secretary Lane is not as intimately in the presidential councils as before. Labor is back of that. The radicals, and they are very strong at Washington, holding hundreds of important subordinate positions, say that Franklin K. Lane has become a reactionary, "almost as bad as David Franklin Houston of Missouri," said one man. I remarked how curious it was that Lane's proposal of a survey of land resources preparatory to putting the returned soldier on the land had been so frostily received. The radicals will none of it. They don't want the Secretary of the Interior scheme. This is because it recognizes too explicitly the doctrine of private ownership of land. The radicals want to take the repatriation of the soldiers out of the hands of the Secretary of the Interior and turn it over to the Department of Labor, which latter department is a stronghold of both union labor and single tax. I am much surprised that single taxers are so cold at the mention of the name of Lane. They used to say he's one of us, and to lament the fact that his birth on Prince Edward's Island made him ineligible to the presidency. Now they say he has gone over to the enemy—the land interest. They aver that his water power programme involves a perpetuation of water power monopoly under the lease system. They say he favored the coal operators when he made an agreement to let them charge \$3 at the mine mouth. Secretaries Baker and Daniels set that agreement aside, fixed the mine mouth price at \$2.50 and, according to some experts, thereby cut down production and contributed to the heatless day period. Labor leaders say Lane is no friend of labor, but a dangerous man just because so many people think he is a liberal. So this is why Lane is, as to the administration, something as a "silenced" priest to the church. I have always thought Lane was a radical and I think now that he is only apparently otherwise because he is confronted in office with conditions and not theories. But be this as it may there is a drive on to take the repatriation of soldiers out of Secretary Lane's department. There's a gulf fixed, too, between Lane and Baker and between Lane and Daniels. The trouble with Baker began when the war secretary wanted the new Interior building and Lane wanted it for himself.

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Gompers on Defensive

THERE'S a drive on Gompers too. Sam has gone to England and France where he's in for a heckling at the hands of labor elements who don't like his holding back from a distinct and definite political labor movement in politics. Gompers is against any-

thing like compromise on the war. He scents defeatism in the British Labor programme. All talk of international labor negotiation, if it includes Germany, is nothing but Bolshevism. Gompers says Russia shows what free labor and free institutions generally have to expect from Bolshevism. But as Gompers sails away he leaves foes in his camp. There are first the labor crooks and grafters who play local politics in the cities. They have no policies other than their "pickings"—chiefly as paid workers for breweries in fighting prohibition, though that is honest graft. The Labor policy permits it, but it corrupts the men who take the money, starts them off pimping for other interests. There's another anti-Gompers element—a more intellectual one that has a larger political, economic programme. I don't mean that this element opposes Gompers personally, but it wants to enlarge the policy beyond a mere demand for good wages. John Fitzpatrick of Chicago is the head of this more intellectualized element. There is still another anti-Gompers crowd—the anarchist element that is I. W. W. in everything but name. This element is strongest in San Francisco. I believe Andrew Furuseth, of the Seamen's Union, is at odds with Gompers and Frank Morrison. Still Gompers is strong at Washington, for what he did to keep labor on a level keel before we got into the war and to prevent any outbreak against conscription. He is stronger with Wilson and Baker than with a lot of subordinates who are running the details at the capital—the single taxers, reformed socialists, uplifters generally who have in mind a social programme for this country. The men I have in mind are typified by George Creel, Frank P. Walsh, Carl Vrooman, Frederic C. Howe. They are hot on the trail of fundamental reform. They want free land, public ownership and such things and they carry on propaganda all the time. They are hated by the staid senators, by southerners like Underwood and Williams, and the general staff say that these idealists are distracting administration attention from winning the war on the western front.

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Labor Wins Over Steel

JUST as Gompers leaves comes the rumor that the preliminary steps are under way to unionize the United States Steel works. Charles M. Schwab has been converted to the union idea, since he's been the executive of the ship-building programme. He is now negotiating for unionization of the Bethlehem plant, and all the larger difficulties in the way of that achievement have been removed. There is still a hitch on minor points. If Bethlehem comes across for unionism all the steel concerns, even unto Colorado Fuel and Iron will have to fall in line. It must have been this pleasing prospect that caused the smile on the face of Frank P. Walsh as he walked on Fifth avenue last Saturday. For Walsh has done it mostly. First he went to the root of economic evils as head of the Commission on Industrial Relations. Now he's on the wage board and he hasn't done a thing to the business policy of "let us alone," but smash it. And who, think you, has voted with the "rabid" Walsh, thus giving a majority against the business bunch on the board? None other than William Howard Taft. Those two have rendered all the decisions in wage disputes and most of them have been in favor of the workers. There is a counter-movement against the wage board influence—a big business plan for conciliation over a table. I hear that Professor Felix Frankfurter was almost caught by this movement. He was actually almost committed to a programme for a basic eight-hour day after the war, with a wage-fixing attachment thereto. The well-meaning professor was pulled off from that—labor isn't going to be sewed up to any set programme, of hours and pay. It wants the market price and that's all the traffic will bear. It doesn't want to be "stuck up" waiting on investigations and elaborate statistical reports. It doesn't want the employers stalling it off. Already the employers had begun telling labor that raises of pay would have to wait upon government investigation or rather upon

government declaration of general policy. And labor matters are not going to be handled by commissions of employers and employees' representatives, but by the Department of Labor, where Professor Frankfurter is now secretary to the secretary. The wage board work has struck one terrible blow at the old *laissez faire* system and that is the enforcement of collective bargaining. The employes have a seat in the councils of the employers. They learn something about prices and costs. Knowing that, they have a basis for calculating wages. And there is an administrator and arbitrator in every shop of every concern of which the government has taken over the direction. The meat packers even have been brought to book on this matter. The wage board may be said to have given the workers the best of it, invariably, but that is the saying only of the old bosses; the fact is that the bosses have not been allowed to determine wages single-handed and alone. With this power of wage determination gone, the chief power to make swollen profits is gone. And under the new dispensation all schemes of conciliation by composite boards of workers and employers are out of the question; the wage question is in the hands of the Labor Department—in politics. And politics is just what will save labor from being "jobbed" by conciliation commissions formed outside of the government machinery.

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Unions and Farmers

"WHAT'S THE BIG THING IN THE LABOR SITUATION?" I asked Frank P. Walsh. He replied: "The big thing is the *rapprochement*"—you should hear Frank say that French word—"the *rapprochement* between the farmer and the city worker. They are getting together. They discover mutuality of interest. They both see how the government can help them. The Non-Partisan League is sweeping the west. Reactionaries try to kill it by saying it is the same as the I. W. W. or that it is pro-German. But the charges don't stick. The Non-Partisan League and the labor unions are effecting a junction, as we say in military circles. They are getting together in perfect *liaison*"—yes, he said it in French again—"and they can't be beaten. The Non-Partisan League will put new and broader economic ideas into unionism, and the unions will teach the farmers something in practical politics. The labor question is beginning to develop as the land question, and the land question explains the labor question. We shall see a movement as a result of this new alliance that will strike straight at fundamentals—and the leaders of the movement will find strong support for their programme in a book called 'The New Freedom.'" Frank Walsh then said a significant thing, this: "Maybe the spokesman of labor, in the United States senate, the herald of the world's Labor Age, will be a gentleman from Missouri—named Joseph Wingate Folk." Won't it be fun—this is my remark, not Mr. Walsh's—when Missouri is represented in the senate at the same time by Jim Reed and Joe Folk? Suffering Kilkenny cats!

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Big Bertha's Echo

THERE was a strange little item in the cable news the other day, excerpted from a Paris paper; just two lines to the effect that there would soon be heard an echo of Big Bertha—the long range gun that shelled Paris—and it would have an American accent. To my comment that the item was curiously enigmatic, a man not unrelated to the army said: "It's very simple. Some Frenchman has got on to the fact that we've sent over to the front a bigger gun than Big Bertha—one that will shoot, not thirty or forty, but one hundred and twenty-five miles and can find an automobile going at top speed at that distance." I said that was a thing to tell the marines, but my informant was very sure that there was such a gun. If not true the tale is well imagined.

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Mr. Horchitz's Job

ST. LOUISANS will be interested in the news that Mr. Louis N. Horchitz of their town has undertaken to continue, or resuscitate, *Pearson's Magazine* or

start another periodical to be edited, which means mostly written, by the redoubtable Frank Harris. There is no question that Harris should have a magazine in which to express himself. He's full of good stuff, is a powerful novelist, a niodant critic, copious of reminiscences, servid with enthusiasm and prejudice, intransigent, inexhaustibly energetic—an incarnate initiative but hopelessly minus as to referendum. To business manage him, however, is a job like being private secretary to the tide in the bay of Fundy or some such great natural force. I admire the courage of Mr. Horchitz. You don't know who Mr. Horchitz is? Well, he is a very nice man indeed and the greatest living book agent. He sells more sets of standard, high-class books than any man in the United States. His last specialty was the complete works of Thomas Paine, bigotedly called Tom. Horchitz's canvass for that book is the best piece of biographical criticism of that worthy that I have heard since I listened to Ingersoll's lecture on Paine. I never meet Horchitz that I don't think of Johnnie Appleseed, that Swedenborgian demi-genius and semi-crook who scattered pamphlets and apple seeds through Ohio and Indiana about three-quarters of a century ago. Horchitz is a very pervasive sower of the seed of free thought and intellectual discontent. He makes a lot of money, but spends most of it for the cause, for almost any cause that tends to change things social and economical for general betterment. If he and Harris can work together they will make a great team, but then the government may not let Harris run any more magazines until the war is over. I wish Harris would write things that the older magazines could print. Most of them are sadly in need of he-man stuff.

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The World's Worst

WHAT'S the worst newspaper on the planet? It's printed in New York. It isn't a Hearst paper. It is an evening paper, the "colt" of a great morning paper, with millions of dollars behind it. The thing is made bad deliberately, such worstness couldn't be the result or consequence of ignorance or incompetence. It's the worst insult to the people that I ever saw—it's what the management thinks the people want. You'd never think anyone could think so poorly of the people.

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Mary Fels and So Forth

OUR post-office department is still in the suppression business. Week before last it excluded the *Public* from the mails, ostensibly because of a silly poem that seemed to oppose conscription. This action is the more curious because there is no more devoted upholder of the administration policies than the *Public* and its owner, diminutively dainty Mary Fels. She swung the *Public* over for the war against the fiercest protest of many radicals, single taxers and others. The paper counted heavily as an aid in making public opinion in support of Wilson. Mary Fels is personally on very close terms with such men as Colonel House and Justice Brandeis, Secretaries Baker and Daniels, yet her pungent paper has been twice, maybe thrice denied the privilege of the mails. It has never indulged in such criticism of our war activities as other papers. If, as is loudly proclaimed—though unconvincingly to me—the Hearst papers are pro-German and sedulously disloyal, why are they not suppressed? No answer. Mary Fels' paper however has criticised Mr. McAdoo's tax and bond proposals upon purely economic grounds. Likewise it has taken a crack now and then at Postmaster General Burleson's opposition to trades unionism among postal employes. Maybe this is why the *Public* is forbidden the mails once in a while. Odd that the administration should deal more harshly with its friends than with its avowed enemies in journalism! There is a plenty of antagonism to the postmaster-general. He is the least popular member of the cabinet, a bourbon born and confirmed in bourbonism. But

the President won't let anyone go out of his cabinet—since he lost Lindley M. Garrison from the war office and Bryan from the state department. Burleson's appointment like that of Houston, secretary of agriculture, is credited to the influence of Colonel House, Attorney-General Gregory's too, I believe. There is a friend of President Wilson I know and I asked him why Wilson didn't unload some of the men who looked like heavy loads to carry, and he replied: "The President knows what he has, but doesn't know what he'd get by a change, so the official family remains intact. He won't swap horses while crossing a stream. There would be too much trouble breaking in new ones." The east is sore on some men in the cabinet, but the east doesn't count as much as it did, and the west has the call. The west has demanded no scalps. It has given some, one notably, that of William Jennings Bryan's brother, defeated joyously for the Democratic nomination for governor of Nebraska. All of which hasn't much to do with the exclusion of Mary Fels' paper from the mails for a week, but I hope it is not uninteresting.

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How Hylan Helps Hearst

MAYOR HYLAN is a friend of his friends. And Hearst is his friend of friends, *con cordium* as a Tammany classicist might say. There's a news-dealers' strike on, chiefly against Hearst. They won't handle Hearst papers. They claim they want papers from all publishers cheaper, to make more profit on retail sales. And the American News company says it won't deliver any papers to news-dealers who want to sell all the papers. There are sixty-four daily papers published in New York. Most of the big ones make common cause with Hearst against the dealers and newsboys. The dealers want their daily papers at \$1.20 per hundred, instead of \$1.40. Only the *Tribune* leading a loyalty fight on Hearst, cuts the price. The dealers find that if they won't take the Hearst papers they can't get the *Tribune*, which has had to improvise a distribution system. Now the mayor, whom Hearst elected, comes out with an order revoking the licenses of all dealers who won't accept all newspapers for sale at the prevailing wholesale price. Mayor Hylan practically decrees that the dealers must handle the Hearst papers or none. This backs up the American News company and the Publishers' Association that have stood shoulder to shoulder with Hearst. It forces Hearst papers on the dealers and breaks the strike. The city's license system is being used to serve the ends of Mayor Hylan's chief supporter, which is pretty rotten business, I think. The dealers have appealed to the War Industries Board, saying that forcing them to take papers they don't want means a large paper wastage, which the board wants to prevent. The *Tribune*, that has hung "Hunnishness" on Hearst and would like to profit by the gaining of readers who have forsaken Hearst, is hot for the reduction of price to the dealers. It devotes a lot of space to the strike. The other papers practically ignore it. This latter action is unfortunate. It gives color to the charge of Mayor Hylan, in a letter to the City Editors' association banquet—a frightful frost—that the newspapers are dominated by private interests in conflict with public interests. He says the newspapers slander honest people who oppose those private, special, predatory interests. They discredit the real friends of the people. All through the letter you can see that Hylan has the heroic Hearst in his mind's eye, as the victim of the interests. Likewise you can see that the most vicious embodiment of plutocratic venom against Hearst, the poor man's friend, is the *Tribune*. But it's all the press that is oppressing the poor man's friend, and Mayor Hylan solemnly warns it about its evil ways. He would have the writer of every important article sign his name thereto, in order that the motive of the article might be discoverable. The mayor doesn't mention the press that is venal and vicious and verminiferous and the *Morning Telegraph* wonders

editorially if Hylan means Hearst. It is too bad the way Hearst is persecuted—Hearst who's worth only thirty or forty million—Hearst who has gone after other men as viciously as the *Tribune* goes after him—Hearst whose radicalism doesn't go far beyond mere selecting a personal "mark" for slaughter and tying him up with a lot of iniquities to justify the "burking." Hearst defended by Hylan and using the whole Hylan administration to save himself from the consequences of the criticism of his loyalty is—rather absurd. Hylan's sticking to a friend gets him great honor in Tammany hall—or would if Hearst were not yowling for prohibition. But *pro tem* Hylan, who was opposed by every paper but Hearst's, is playing the game of all the newspapers that opposed them, doing his best to break the dealers' strike for cheaper papers at wholesale. The other papers thunder against profiteering by other people, but they want to protect their own profiteering. Mayor Hylan is not so far wrong in his animadversions general upon the press, but he's funny when he implies that Hearst is the purest of the pure among all publishers. I hear that the *Tribune*'s fight on Hearst's pro-Germanism has cost Hearst a circulation of 250,000 a day. The man who said that gleefully is nevertheless on a paper that is with Hearst in the fight on the dealers and newspapers.

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The Exasperating Mr. Baker

PERHAPS there is an explanation of Secretary Baker's innocence of what has been doing, and not doing, in military aeronautics. There must be. The perfectly cool manner in which Mr. Baker meets the enraged query-charges of ferocious senators like Reed and New, is admirable. He doesn't dodge a question, or an answer, no matter how much the thing goes against him. He is not ashamed to say about anything that he doesn't know anything about it. He calmly admits that George Creel has hyperbolized in article and picture the work of aircraft production, but he passes it off lightly. Before statements charging stupidity, wastefulness even of life, he stands unwinking. "I'm not an expert on aeronautics"—that is about the extent of his self-exculpation. Yes, planes have been bad, murderously bad, costing the lives of aviator students. The Liberty motor had grave faults. The British planes were so poorly made they were worse than useless; they were dangerous. The De Havilland motors were unsatisfactory to General Pershing. There never were as many American made planes as George Creel said there were on the battle front. Pershing wanted 25,000 planes. They couldn't be supplied. He would be lucky if he could get 18,000 in the next six months. The Secretary of War nonchalantly, almost in a dead voice, admits the most damaging things against one branch of his department. You'd think, reading the evidence, that he was talking of things far foreign to him. Reading his testimony I could see him facing the fiery-frosty Reed and replying deliberately to all peppery questions, looking always as bored as if he wanted to yawn but was too polite to do so. In the picture in my mind's eye I am not so sure that Baker isn't the cat and the committee the mouse, though sometimes it is the secretary who seems to be harried by terriers. It looks as if Baker may have something up his sleeve, as if he doesn't mind a bit Germany's getting the impression that we Yankees don't know how to build an airplane, whether for bombing or observation. There were about seven columns of airplane failure stuff in Sunday's *New York Times*—most depressing reading, most damaging to Mr. Baker, apparently, sometimes sickening, as in Mr. Ryan's testimony. But I didn't gather that Mr. Baker was concerned about it in the least. The man is positively maddening. No wonder George Harvey froths at the mouth and writes epileptically about little Newton Diehl Baker, who doesn't seem to care a tinker's damn what Pershing, or Crowder, or March or the news-

papers or anybody thinks about the draft, or universal training, or aircraft production or anything. You can't help feeling that Baker is in his soul convinced the war is a beastly bad business and he is in it only because there's no way out of it. That's the deadliest kind of a war man, if you'll think about it. He isn't hiding anything, unless it's something so big that the best way to hide it is to give out the impression that his fingers are all thumbs and his feet full of shoes. Baker is no "dub;" put that down. His self-assuredness in admitting errors, waste of six hundred millions dollars, apparently, is a mystery. How it must exasperate the acerbitous Senators Reed, Chamberlain and others. I can't get over the impression that he is enjoying their rage, and all the while holding back a cataclysmal punch. Surely, if the air department were actually conducted as at first flash he seems to admit it is, President Wilson wouldn't keep him on the job five minutes. And I saw George Creel walking down Broadway with a friend and talking and laughing as if there were not such a person as James A. Reed of Missouri alive. Here in New York, mind you, where almost every newspaper attacks or guys him while throwing his bureau of information stuff in the waste basket. Down on Park Row the inky crowd speaks ribaldry about Creel and his large staff of parlor socialist publicity men. But the President and Secretaries Baker and Daniels stand by Creel and his forth-puttings even though Reed proclaims Creel "a licensed liar." I cannot make anything of this situation except that Baker and Creel are secure in their certainty of mastery of the situation, but even if this be so, I should say that they should not bait the senators and representatives as they do, for after all congress is a co-ordinate branch of the government and has done fairly well everything the administration has asked it to do.

2

Vindications

I WONDER how those people feel now who said that Gutzan Borglum the sculptor was lying when he said that aircraft construction was mismanaged, that he had an eye on aircraft contracts for himself, that he was even throwing a wrench in the machinery to help the Germans? Not very well, I reckon. The senate committee's report backs up everything that Borglum said about the incompetency of the aircraft management. From what I have heard from Detroit and Dayton, I would not be surprised if the report on the aircraft situation, by ex-Supreme Justice Hughes, should make out an even more powerful justification for Borglum. I see that Frederick Upham Adams is rejoicing in the New York *World* that the articles he wrote exposing the blundering in the production of Liberty motors have been officially corroborated. These two exposers were vilified for their statements. They are vindicated. They deserve well of their country.

2

A Secretary of Air

THE case having been made, and being likely to be made stronger before long, why not a secretary of aeronautics? Because—of the general staff, because neither the army nor the navy department wants to let go of any power. What matter that the British army and navy tried to hold their grip on aircraft operation and found that system a failure? Great Britain did nothing truly effective until she set up a ministry of the air. Then she got results. They were delivered by civilians. This grieved the army and navy sects, but it won out. Unhappily one of the advocates of an air ministry in this country is Senator Reed, not endeared to the administration, but no matter who speaks for the vesting of control of aircraft production in one man, not at present in the cabinet, he is given the wooden ear. Why not an aircraft boss, like Hoover for food? There is no answer from the President, from Secretary Baker or Secretary Daniels. Maybe there will be an answer when ex-Justice Hughes makes his report, though

there seems nothing lacking in argument for an air boss, in the testimony of the war secretary, Mr. John D. Ryan and General Kenly.

THIS New York of ours is a friendly town; yes, and as someone says, "a poor folk's town." There's much done for the poor—playgrounds, public bath, fresh air, ice, milk and other missions. There are so many things done for the poor—but one thing. The landlords don't get off their backs. But the landlords will be thrown. How do I know? I read about a rent strike's imminence. The Tenants' League threatens such action, planned originally by Mrs. Mary Mardfin, a woman trades unionist, who has organized dwellers in apartments where landlords have advanced their rents unduly in an attempt to get generous shares of inflated war profits. The Tenants' League demands the passage of the Crosser bill "to prevent extortion and to impose taxes upon excess profits in rents," or the passage of some rent-regulating measure at a specially called session of the state legislature before the 1st of October. If neither measure passes the tenants will strike. October 1 is the fall, as May 1 is the spring moving day in New York, and the former day may see a great moving out of people who won't move in any place else. The people will camp on the streets if they must, but the league purposes to find temporary refuge for members who are driven out of their homes by inordinately increased rentals, the more fortunate members helping them to move and to store their furniture as cheaply as possible. Mrs. Mardfin suggests that halls may be hired and turned into temporary barracks. The league is listing landlords on a roster indicating differing degrees of rent rapacity. A mass meeting is to be held at Cooper Union, September 25, to urge action by state or

(Continued on page 426)

10

Reactions of a Reader

By Alliteraricus

XVI. TO EZRY

I REMEMBER—which is a bad way to begin, because it puts one into the bald-headed reminiscent class, but how can I help it, for I do remember?—I remember as a youngster being terribly tickled by a homespun pome entitled, simply, “Ezry.” It related the doings of an individual with that handle. They were extremely surprising, unexpected and extraordinary, and the refrain to every stanza was, “Why, Ezry!” or “Said Ezry,” or “Did Ezry,” or some other variation. Ezry was the village cut-up and something more and his powers of perennially astonishing the natives approximated the sublime.

Well—the more I think of it the more firmly I am persuaded that the original Ezry, who inspired these memorable verses, was none other than our friend Ezry Pound, the confessed cut-up of our present literary settlement. In fact, I am sure of it. He has simply grown up and emigrated to foreign parts in the interim, but otherwise he is unchanged. Either he is saying something, or doing something, or writing something, which causes the unanimous exclamation, "Why, Ezry!" With the accent on the *Ez*. Exactly.

The latest of Ezry's goings-on is his new book, "Pavannes and Divisions" (Knopf, New York). To tell the truth, I am quite mad over it. Just take the outside, to begin with. I am willing to gamble that it is the æstheticest thing since the outbreak of the Great War. And the inside beats the outside—I was going to say, beats it hollow, but perhaps that would be anachronistic, seeing that an outside could hardly be hollow, which is a property appertaining most properly to the inside. And this inside, as I have intimated, isn't!

If you think the cover is aesthetic—and it is, undoubtedly—what then shall we call the portrait of Ezry which confronts us when that cover is opened?

Also the other one that confronts us farther over? Ezry has been to one of them "artistic" photographers and had himself taken. You know how they do it. Formerly their *ateliers* resembled a swirling chaos of bric-a-brac. But Gordon Craig, *et al.*, have reformed all that, and now they resemble those mysterious chambers where oracles and other spooks reveal the future in sepulchral accents, from recesses glimmering with tenebrisfic gloom. The artist selects the particular spot that he wishes to have you occupy and then, with a few passes, he distributes a few properties where they will do the most good in the way of local color. With an atomizer he fills the air full of atmosphere. He adjusts the camera so you are just sufficiently out of focus to get that crepuscular, fuzzy effect without which no photo can be "artistic," especially no portrait photo. He withdraws a curtain and allows just enough of the crass light of day to filter faintly in—too much of it, of course would ruin everything. You assume the proper pose—though it doesn't so much matter should it be a trifle improper, especially if you wish to be taken as a satyr or a bassarid—the artist mutters "Abracadabra!" and it is all over but the development of the plate and the manipulation thereof (sometimes this must be considerable) and then the final, triumphant print.

It is in this manner that the "artistic" photographer produces those *tours de camera* via which modern genius is to descend to posterity in so far as its counterfeit (let us use the adjective advisedly) presentments are concerned. Observe this exquisite "portrait study." You imagine that it is Annette Kellerman? Hardly—it is Miss Amy Lowell! And that one? General Booth, you suppose? No—it is Theodore Dreiser! And so on down the line. Well—to return to Ezry. Nobody of his experience and taste is going to make a miscue and stumble into the wrong *atelier*. Not at all. So, when we gaze upon that frontispiece, which involuntarily we suppose must portray the Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo, we simply draw a long breath and ejaculate, "Why, *Ez-ry*!" There is nothing, simply nothing, else to do. The other one, I confess, is not quite so *farouche*, so *incroyable*, and all that. It gives us a quite different Ezry—not of Monte Carlo, but of a sort of Renaissance effect a-la-Moroni or Sodoma. Just the same, it's swell. And poetic—oh, awfully!

But then, why shouldn't our Ezry's portraits vary? —seeing that the original is the most protean of all literary cut-ups? In addition to his own works, the Pounds and Pounds of 'em, didn't he, over the nom-de-plume of "Arthur Davidson Ficke," publish the "Love Sonnets of a Portrait Painter," and other poems? Didn't he, over the nom-de-plume of "Witter Bynner," publish that terrific drammer, "Tiger," also "Grenstone Poems," etc., etc.? And when persons endeavored to pass themselves off as in verity "Ficke" and "Bynner," and the authors of these immortal works, didn't he utterly unmask and discredit them by assuming the double pseudonymity of "Emanuel Morgan" and "Anne Knish," and publishing "Spectra?" Can any of these things successfully be denied, even by the audacious persons who attempted to impersonate the aforesaid "Ficke," "Bynner," "Morgan" and "Knish?" Certainly not—especially in view of the fact that Ezry, not content with thus baffling and confounding his critics and detractors, doubled the dose by means of his contributions to the MIRROR over the *nom* of "Elijah Hay."

In the language of those parts of the country where Ezry was born, "You've got to get up in the mornin' to beat 'im!" Or, rather, as one might say, in several mornin's. But even a certain atmosphere of crepuscular mystery, of indescribable richness of effect, surrounds the nativity of Ezry. It is measurably certain that he was born one of us—that is in one of "These States," as dear old Walt would put it. But which one? When Mr. Reedy, gathering from one of his literary masterpieces that he was a

Mormon, announced his birthplace as Utah, Ezry indignantly denied it and asserted that he was native to Idaho. Yet I remember (there I go, remembering again!—but as before, I can't help it!) riding across Idaho once, years ago, and as it rises before me, with its wastes of bad lands and sage-brush and lonely shanties surrounded by belts of tin-cans and other scoriae, it is simply impossible for me to believe that Ezry ever came out of it. Yet he reaffirms this fact (?) in "Pavannes and Divisions," and emphasizes it. Using the acuteness with which a parsimonious heaven has endowed me, I surmise that this is camouflage upon the part of the cunning Ezry—a belief in which I am encouraged by learning that when a justice of the peace out in Idaho was appealed to he stated that to the best of his knowledge Ezry was *not* born in that state, but elsewhere—some said in Medicine Hat.

At times I fear this propensity of Ezry's to astonish and mystify us will in the end work harm to his immortal fame. That, and his other propensity to traffic simultaneously with the sublime and the ridiculous. Can it be true what is being whispered?—that he is arranging the *Imitatio Christi* as a *Noh* drama? And that he has transposed the *Thesmophoriazusa* into a series of folk-songs, with accompaniment upon the ukulele, improvised by himself? Impossible as these things would appear to be, when one stops to think that it is Ezry, one feels him to be equal even to this. But why devote his precious, his invaluable time to such enterprises, instead of producing more "Lustra," "Proenca," and "Spectra?"—things of which we can never have enough? But then, that wouldn't be Ezry; who, whatever else happens, is inevitably due for something unexpected. It would not surprise me at all if the next book were to be called "Disjecta" and be followed by another called "Membra." And then, he is such a sad, mad wag, it would be just like Ezry to collect them in one volume as he has his "Pavannes and Divisions."

And now about the "Pavannes and Divisions." I don't know that I am just sure which of 'em is which—but that doesn't matter, for all alike (or differently) are great. And isn't it just like Ezry, again, to deny being a Mormon and then denominate himself *L'Homme Moyen Sensuel*, right in the same book? I know it is vulgarly supposed that a Mormon is something more than *moyen sensuel*; but, speaking artistically, that isn't so. Not at all. And the fact is that Ezry *isn't* a Mormon, after all—he really *isn't*. The Mormons, you know, even while we denounce them for their polygamous tendencies, we must applaud for courageously marrying them—that is their wives—and taking the awful consequences. And can you imagine Ezry marrying even one wife? I can't! No—if the truth must be told, even as Ezry isn't a Mormon, neither is he *l'homme moyen sensuel*. The fact of the matter is that he is the materialization of that intellectual gallant apostrophized by Nietzsche as "the Don Juan of knowledge." Just think it over and see if I am not right? Certainly the catalogue of Ezry's literary loves far exceeds in extent that of which *Leporello* so memorably descended to the outraged *Donna Elvira*. And beside that, Ezry is far more universal. He ranges over the entire habitable—and much of the uninhabitable—globe and returns to us burdened with trophies of the chase. It makes little difference what he chooses to call them, whether "Lustra" or "Spectra," whether "Noh" or "Poh." All are unique and inimitable—save by himself. Verse or prose it is the same.

So, I adjure you—haste to the book-seller and in burning accents demand of him "Pavannes and Divisions." Here is the latest Ezry, including the portraits, both Monte Carlo and Renaissance facades. Whatever else he may be—and heaven only knows what or who he isn't!—Ezry is, first, last and all the time, an artist. Even the Philistines, the mockers and the scoffers, admit that. Yea, verily—and more than that. Ezry is himself an *objet d'art*, rare, precious, exotic, *sans pareil*. He is a bright spot in this smudgy liter'y world of ours—perhaps not so exactly

burning with that "hard, gem-like flame" which Pater defined as the condition of the elect as like a feverish candle in a gorgeous Celestial paper lantern; and if, like a candle, he occasionally sputters, why—remember this!—even as he sputters, Ezry always burns! . . . May it be long ere the last spark dies out forever!



Songs of the Unknown Lover

(Copyright, 1918, by William Marion Reedy.)

SELF-PORTRAIT

HE saw himself sitting at the next table, But only in profile; The mettle of color was there On the cheek-bone, And the little crepe moustache, Though not black enough, And the lower lip Drooping like a rope in water, And the nose curving to ruin like the Chinese wall With its little dark gates of old life. . . .

But when the full face turned, He knew again That there was no such person.



DEDICATION

Have you ascended stairs, Not touching them, Easily turning and holding out your proud hand Between them and the ceiling, Wondering why you had not done this thing before,— So simple an ascent? Have you scaled a room at its door's height And thence floated over people, Smiled for them. . . . Until they faded, watching to the last Your soft descent again?

Ascend with me then, float with me, Be with me in these songs. . . . And O awaken with me afterward Into a joy Still floating against chaos Between stars and the sun.



BOOK ONE THE CREST

You come with the light on your face Of the turn of a river from trees to the open sun, You are the wandering spirit of the most beloved place. . . .

And yet you are a joy not there begun Nor anywhere, but always about to be,— The invisible succeeding crest That follows from the open sea And shall be loveliest. I have no language, hardly any word To name you with, I have no flight of hands To swim your surface closer than a bird: For endless changing countermarks Your face and blinds me blacker than a crest of sun, O joy not yet begun But only about to be, O sweet, invisible, increasing wave, Following me, following me, Through the sea-like grave!



THE BELOVED STRANGER

Coming ever, On a winged horse like yours, Bringing me a living star Like this, They have all left me But the beloved stranger,

And it is you this time who come As the beloved stranger. . . . And I would not have you lean too near to me, Lest you leave me As the others have left me . . . All but the beloved stranger Who will never leave me. . . .

THE VOICE

When the dream of your voice draws near, O my stranger, I am woods, you the sun, I waves, you the wind, I the bell, you the tongue. At the sound of your voice There is neither dawn nor night, Weeping nor the peace of death, But only your voice And I replying and you not answering; A part of my soul passing and I not finding it—

DREAM *

I had left dreaming, Till there came the look of you And I could not tell after that, And the sound of you And I could not tell, And at last the touch of you And I could tell then less than ever— Though I shook and fell Though I open the door and stare out When the dream of your voice draws near, O my stranger! As at the very mountain-brink Of dream.

For how could the motion of a shadow in a field Be a person? Or the flash of an oriole-wing Be a smile? Or the turn of a leaf on a stream Be a hand? Or a bright breath of sun Be lips?

I can put out my hand and nothing is there. . . . None of these things are true, All of them are dreams; There are neither streams Nor leaves, nor orioles, nor you.

ROOFS

I don't know what it is That sets me flying Over the roofs this morning Swift on tiptoe, Touching the chimneys and railings. Not even the middle of roofs, Only the edges. I don't know why it is So many dancers Dance in my dawn, Hailing this hard city; For most of the dancers that lead me Head in directions daily Of mountain and of sea, Toward little villages And houses nestling, Rivers, Hills.

I don't know what it is That sets me flying Over the roofs this morning Swift on tiptoe. . . .

O yes I do!

(To be continued)

Autumn Frocks—



Loose panels that hang from the shoulder, deep, almost skirt-length, fringe, fringed sashes, heavy rope altar girdles and deftly placed streamers do their bit toward making the new frocks effective.

* * *

The Japanese influence is clearly seen in the smart Callot copy at the left: Tricotine and satin with gorgeous embroidery and altar girdle, \$115

The neck of a gown is often the distinguishing feature and may sometimes be high, or in the new Jenny style, variously finished with beads, Georgette of contrasting color, stitching, etc. The long throw-collars with deep tassel end create a striking effect.

* * *

Strictly tailored model at the right, of wool velour in brown-and-tan and tan-and-green check with half-panel back. Price \$59.50 Costume Salon—Third Floor.

A gown of exquisite beauty and unusual effect is of black net made over blue satin beautifully embroidered in beads and blue silk; the acolyte apron that hangs from the shoulder and ends in a deep jet fringe is a distinguishing feature.

* * *

The Trotteur Frock in the center is in the new caramel shade—copied from a Jenny model; note the quaint grosgrain streamers with fur ball end, \$85

Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney

Olive and Locust, from Ninth to Tenth

Reflections

(Continued from page 424)

nation, but if none is forthcoming then—a strike, with picketing and other picturesque accompaniments.

❖

The Block Party

I NOTICED streamers across certain streets in various parts of town. The houses in those streets were covered with flags—service flags—some with gold stars. I thought it strange that the old street carnival graft was being worked even yet in this big town, but I learned that what I saw was the decoration for a "block party." The people of a block in New York used to know little of one another. A man might keep two families in one apartment house, each innocent of the other's existence. I believe it has been done. But the war has wrought a change. It brings people together. When we went in someone walking along a street saw the service flags in different windows on either side of the block. Those people showing the same flag didn't know each other. Why not introduce them? So there grew up a movement. The flag displayers were visited and shown what a deep interest they had in common. They ought to

meet and know each other better. It worked like a charm. The fathers and mothers and sisters and brothers of youths in the army—Irish, Italians, Greeks, Jews, folk of all nations—were told that there would be a party to celebrate the fighting lads—and to help them. So an evening was set for a party, or perhaps it were better called a picnic. The people were asked to decorate. Then the police issued an order closing the street for the designated evening or evenings. The young folks and old danced on the asphalt street. They danced dances of many nations to the tunes of many climes. There were speeches by men and women, songs, acting, recitations by local talent living along the street. There were lemonade stands, ice cream booths, and wheels of fortunes or shares, I suppose. There were thrift stamp booths. Political ward or district leaders dropped in and blew themselves and talked patriotic talk. The people young and old contributed money to the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A., the Y. M. H. A., the K. of C.—to all the organizations to help the boys, not forgetting the Salvation Army. The houses story on story were lighted up, except when the weather was too hot. Everybody had a good time, and in the days after the party the people visited each

other and read the postal cards and letters from their boys on the battle line. Then they wrote their boy about the other folks' boy and said look him up. This was the first block party. There have been many since. Out of them have grown parties of condolence and commiseration when the people in the block saw the name of a boy thereof in the killed or wounded lists. So "East side, west side and all around the town" the block party is getting in its blessed work, promoting neighborliness and stronger ties. Who shall say what of social cooperation and communal solidarity may grow out of these block parties? The people will talk of other things than their boys in the war. They will fructify each others' minds in various ways. The block party may be the clew to the salvation of the city from many of its ills. It is an institution of incalculable possibilities—full of dynamite for the changing of things. For the present it is a prime force for Americanization of the polyglot population. Americanization! Is it going on? Surely. I saw a page of pictures of young soldiers who had given their lives in the service. The faces were of all racial types. The names under the pictures were from the languages of a dozen nations. But there was something more interesting in a certain general likeness than in the differences of feature. It was youth, and a kind of sweetness first, and then you got the impression of an alertness, a readiness to act, a quickness about the eye, a seriousness in the general smile—it was what you could designate by no other words than American. The general facial expression was different from that of a group of Englishmen—as I think is shown in some pictures in a recent issue of the *Literary Digest*, contrasting the pictures of English and American lads dead in the field. The American dead seem more alive. Soon maybe there will be few side streets in any big city that do not show gold stars in windows for

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those dead who are so alive. The block party will help the folks at home to bear the pain in sharing with their neighbors the glory of sacrifice for a cause that tends to make the whole world not a rat pit as of old but a block party of nations.

NEW YORK, August 25.

Letters From the People

155 Audubon Avenue, New York,
August 23, 1918.

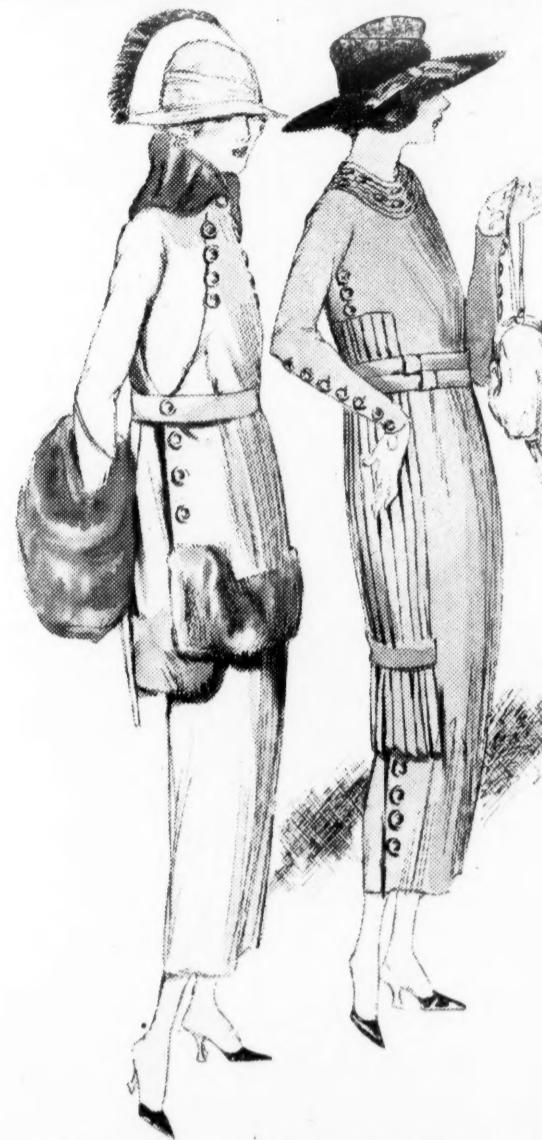
Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

What is this hysteria exercised by Mr. Fuessle in his review of Willard Huntington Wright's "The Man of Promise?" Do you stand sponsor for it? Is this to be admitted to the columns along with your simple, sane wisdom; your expressions of clear-headed humanitarianism, your love of sound doctrine and sound living? Is there to be no end to refinements of thought that do not refine or define? Are reviewers to be coddled into writing themselves into Allen Dales? Thank God he has passed from the stage. What with men distracted by war and isms, is the MIRROR to lose its refreshing simplicity through the admission of these contributions? Ah, this is not the only one. The damned tendency is following Masters, and following fast and faster. Is it to be the only literary virtue to stare the dead heroes out of countenance? Don't let this "gang" get you. They'll pass. Balzac knew what he was talking about. All things new pass. The things that we thought were new are the ones which remain.

If so, I'm sick unto quitting. Does the everlasting superlative note have to permeate everything? Common sense, the greatest of virtues—the balanced course, effort, life—the mesne is the ideal. From the Imagists out, I'm sick of them. Words, words, words. Mr. Fuessle gives us a pretty clear analysis of this book. Then he rides his opinions for our benefit and his own.

What in blazes is "higher, purer, more esoteric culture?" I know what the words mean. Culture finds its own level everywhere. If he wants a *different* culture let him say what. But he can't, so he rants. So do they all. It's all a lot of vacuous bunk.

"Exhilarating," "Greek classicism," "invigorating mouth wash," a "bracing antidote" for "academic complaisances" to be set alongside of Flaubert, Turgenev, etc., on account of a tale of a man whose passion was sex. This *Stanford West* gave himself up to his affinity—love of sex. He found his complement in life. What's the complaint then? That he was conspired against by five women. Lord, it strikes me he must have done a bit himself to get three mistresses. He expressed his "strenuous programme of production" just as he was made to. Created to. He gave to art in this association with three women the art that was his. Bunk! Bah! Some wail about a lost talent. This *West* never would have accomplished a tinker's damn for art freed of his women. What then are Wright and Fuessle ranting about? Is this book a brief for the Will to Selfishness? If so it's a bum hour to



The Joyous Spirit of Youth

YOUTH is an intangible something—as fleeting as the years, it cannot be stopped in its progress, but it can be detained, if one chooses apparel that is youthfully becoming. There is an old saying that a woman is as old as her choice in clothes, and its truth is readily understood when one sees the apparel in the Misses' Store.

Here the spirit of youth is embodied in every garment—lines give attention to Empire effects, belted styles, quaintly becoming variations of both; details of making and finishing are those of which youth approves, and in which it ardently believes; colors are the ones dedicated to less than twenty; fabrics tell, as much as fabrics can, only the story of "when life is in its teens."

The Misses' Store is a place where one may seek and find individuality of apparel that bespeaks youth; distinction that is part and parcel of young womanhood. It is the logical meeting-place of those who desire apparel whose first, last and every quality is youth.

Third Floor.

STIX, BAER & FULLER

come parading it after the German Kultur has set the world on fire. I don't know if Wright excuses his children their faults, but he would better let *West* die a natural death and thereby find a new life for Mr. Wright. Have we not enough writers who say nothing?

I'm no Puritan yet sometimes I wish I were. When these Fuessles rail and enthuse. I've looked everywhere for enlightenment and peace and faith and power. And Christianity gets me over farther than anything I've touched. And I'm talking of big Christianity. The kind of "pure in heart" seeing God; the Christianity of the beatitudes; the

Christianity of losing one's life in order to gain it. The law of compensation, again. The Christianity of Democracy. Forgive me if I'm rough. I'm in dead earnest, anyhow. And I'm sick of the bunk and bombast and banality in criticism.

The "exhilarating rustle of a stupendous discontent" as Fuessle is pleased to characterize the sound of this novel, is merely the discontent against the un-written contract in respect to our conduct toward our neighbor which we have with him. It is another way of interpreting the little tin god *Self*.

I for one "flatter" myself "that decadent tendencies are foreign to Ameri-

can currents of thought and conduct." We've accomplished *some* things since we became American. And I have scant use for the poor opinion of the New England minds which struck water out of the granite of actual conditions and fused their thought with that talisman of lasting life—inspiration. The best from these men is the language of giants. Tish, and a couple of bahs, for the modern (?) contempt for it. The modernist mind speaks no language that men of mind may not read. There is no elect which leaves out the New England school. The human brain can compass just so much, and even a Mrs. Browning or a Shelley can read no greater truths

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Third Floor.



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into expression than may be read out by a mind set upon the task. There is no place to-day in American review for the damned conceit of our own Nietzschean intellectual aristocracy which gets up-stage about the mob.

Eschew these infernal "esoteric" reviewers. Make the men of brains stay on the ground. That's enough of a test. If they can't review a book in plain terms they must not be allowed to Prussianize and bully the humble reader.

Happily and seriously and hopefully and eternally American for Americanism with all its faults and evils. Who would have it otherwise? And there is enough philosophy there for the deepest.

H. CLEMENT EASTON.

♦♦♦

"I've cured my husband's insomnia." "How did you do it?" "Pretended I was ill and had the doctor prescribe medicine which Henry was to give me every half-hour all night long."—*Houston Post*.

Coming Shows

"Twin Beds," the Salisbury Field and Margaret Mayo comedy, will open the season of the American theatre beginning Sunday evening with the usual matinees on Wednesday and Saturday, and an additional matinee on Labor day. "Twin Beds" abounds with situations that produce cyclonic outbursts of laughter, and the personality of each principal character reaches the "right spot" with everyone in the audience. Lois Bolton heads the notable company of farceurs, playing her old role of the enchanting little Blanche Hawkins, assisted by Roy MacNicol, Virginia Fairfax, R. M. D. Angelo, Kathryn Mills and others.

♦♦♦

The Orpheum will open its doors for the second season of that house with a matinee on Labor day. The bill of seven vaudeville acts and the exclusive Orpheum pictures will be headed by Gus Edwards' song revue carrying thirty people and a carload of scenery, costumes, etc. The Orpheum's excellent orchestra will again be under the direction of Mr. Maurice Speyer.

♦♦♦

The Grand Opera House will have as headliner next week Joseph Greenwald and com-

pany in a comedy called "Lots and Lots of It." Others on the program will be the Aeroplane Girls in an airy sensation; the Two Vagrants in an impersonation of strolling musicians; Savannah and Georgia, comedians; Ruth Roden, singing comedienne; Morette Sisters, versatile entertainers; Lewellyn and Stanley, comedians, singers and dancers; Fred Lewis in nutty nonsense; King and Brown, the animated toys; and the world's latest news and comedy pictures.

♦♦♦

The well known attraction, "The Golden Crook Company," will be the offering at the Gayety theatre for the week beginning Sunday matinee. The company is justly considered one of the standard bearers of the burlesque circuit, giving a program that is replete with novel and amusing features. Billy Arlington, the unctuous comedian, is at the head of the funmakers and his well known proclivities for provoking merriment argues well for the feast of fun and frolic. He is surrounded by a company of unusual worth, numbering among its members such clever people as George Douglas, Eleanor Cochran, Harlie Mayne and the Pall Mall Trio, together with a stunning chorus attired in gorgeous raiment.

New Books

"The purpose of this book is two-fold, first to discover to American women themselves their tremendous opportunities and responsibilities in the present world conflict; second, to record in a form that is in some degree permanent, the actual beginnings of the greatest massed effort of women the world has ever known."

This is Ida Clyde Clarke's own explanation of her book—"American Women and the World War" (Appleton's)—and I think her version of its purpose should be treated with due respect. However, it depends upon how the book is read whether Miss Clarke's purposes are fulfilled. Artistically the book simply doesn't count; it sounds as if it were the compilation of stenographic reports taken down at various committee meetings—and I have no doubt that such is the case. The result is far from interesting. It would take some sincere, earnest organizer who wishes to know what others are doing to really enjoy such a presentation. One respects it; it is almost amazing to see the enormous mass of material on Red Cross, on food conservation, etc., and to realize that back of this, and represented by it, are thousands, yes, millions of women working for the "cause." But one cannot help feeling that such material with such meaning needs a far better treatment, less encyclopedic and scientific and more human to make it a "record in a form that is in some degree permanent."

♦

Have you ever taken your children or somebody's children on a lark and enjoyed it immensely simply because the children themselves were so funny? Such a spirit of enjoyment motivates "Two Children in Old Paris" by Gertrude Slaughter (Macmillan's), only in this case the mother was interested not merely in the funny things but far more deeply in the children's development—the response to the artistic atmosphere of Paris. The children apparently were charming—they accepted everything as they should, from heroine worship of Jeanne D'Arc to the "Punch and Judy Shows." The reviewer's impression is that it is too ideal, too perfect.

♦

Arthur Train in "The Earth Quake" (Scribner's) has written of the reaction of the rich to the changes wrought by the war. He takes a "typical American family" with an income of seventy-five thousand dollars a year suddenly reduced to a mere third of that sum and then recounts how at "tremendous sacrifices" they manage to live comfortably (although without quite all the servants they had formerly had) and help in the country's war work. The book aims to show how the nation is paramount to the individual, and how all loyal Americans of whatever station are making sacrifices. The style is smooth and snappy and the book will find a host of interested readers, although those who have denied themselves not only comforts but necessities in order to buy liberty bonds and contribute to other causes will find it a bit smug.

Marts and Money

They feel a good deal better on the New York stock exchange. Prices are tending upward in numerous important quarters, and business is broadening in ways which betoken satisfactory enlargement in the commissions of brokers. Except for the tightness of money, a boisterous bull market would already be under way no doubt, there being sufficient incentive to purchase both for investment and speculation. It is believed that the defeat of the German armies presages an earlier termination of hostilities than had been thought likely a month ago. Wherefore it is fully in order that acquisitive traders should be looking about for "peace stocks" which must advance substantially, if not sensationaly, before commencement of confabulations around a green table. Thus far, Canadian Pacific has been the principal performer on the long side. Its current quotation is 172 $\frac{1}{8}$, or nearly fifty points above the 1917 minimum. There were advances of six or eight points a day lately. They served to obscure the attractions of Steel common to some extent, and to revive interest in the potentialities of other promising railroad stocks. Union Pacific common, which was down to 100 $\frac{1}{4}$ last December, is rated at 128 at this moment. It should be worth decidedly more, in view both of intrinsic merits and of what has occurred in Canadian Pacific, which pays no more than U. P.—\$10 per annum. This means the regular rate in each case. Atchison common, Baltimore & Ohio common, Northwestern common, New York Central, Northern Pacific, and Southern Pacific show gains of one or two points. Chicago, M. & St. Paul common, regarding which Wall street pretended to be in fits of despair not long ago, is priced at 51, which seems a fairly respectable figure for a non-dividend paying stock. It should be patent to even the casual observer, by this time, that railroad shares of tested inherent virtues continue to enjoy the esteem of a great multitude of tutored investors, despite federal control and appalling programmes of war taxation. They have steadily been absorbed since the big break of last November and December, and there's no reason to fear that they will anew be thrown on the market in massy volumes before Germany's surrender. Steel common is up to 114 $\frac{1}{4}$. This, too, signifies a new top notch since January 1, the previous maximum having been 113 $\frac{3}{4}$. According to the chartists: a palpable bull tip. It should lead to a rise to 122 at least. The stock will sell ex the quarterly \$4.25 in a day or two. This alone helps to increase the demand for it, both for long and short account. The average bear operator shrinks with dismay from the necessity of paying a dividend of this kind. Other steel stocks did not particularly distinguish themselves in the last few days. They just about held their own in the majority of cases. Where advances are shown, they do not amount to more than a point. Further improvement will unquestionably be witnessed, however, in the event of a continuation of the rise in Steel common, friends of which anticipate a price of not less than 150 as soon as General

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Second Floor

Pershing reports capture of "the Kaiser's goat." The copper group is somewhat neglected. None of the leaders has so far made proper response to the *risorgimento* in other important directions. There should be an interesting turn for the better in this quarter, also, in the near future, especially so since it has been figured out by a prominent authority that the present price of 26 cents for the metal means not less than 6 or 7 cents net per pound to producers and should therefore insure maintenance of existing dividend rates. In view of the fact that stocks of this class have been rather quiet for months, efforts to raise their values should not prove particularly irksome. The steel situation remains tense and profoundly perplexing. The government's needs border on the fabulous. They are now placed at about 25,000,000 tons for the current half year, against a present rate of production of not more than 18,000,000 tons. Obviously, capacity to produce will have to be increased still more, while capacity to consume for ordinary purposes will have to be reduced to a new minimum throughout the country. It has become known that even "preferred" consumers will have to submit to another drastic cut. Those beyond the pale may or will have to shut down altogether, if they find it impossible to put themselves in condition to produce such commodities as are now regarded as "essential." Lead is reported scarce, with the price quoted

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at 7½. This is the official figure. Private consumers have to pay 8 to 8½ cents a pound, and cannot secure all they require even at such prices. Tin, we are informed, "is at a standstill." Most of it comes from the Malay peninsula, or Straits Settlements, and is utterly inadequate to cover demand. Scarcity of marine tonnage aggravates the state of things still more. The tax-exempt 3½ per cent Liberty bonds registered a further advance lately, the top being 102.50, which compares with a low mark of 97.20 some months ago. Subsequently, the quotation receded to 102.36. Other Liberty bonds displayed increased firmness, as a result of expanding inquiry and reduction of offerings. Russian 5½ and 6½ per cent bonds are now quoted at 60½ and 61¾, respectively. These figures represent new top marks. During the culmination of the downward movement, quotations varied from 30 to 35. The quest for these and other foreign bonds was perceptibly stimulated by the report that a bankers' committee had been formed that is to look after the interests of American owners of such securities. The quite remarkable change for the better in investment issues was additionally emphasized by a rise to 106 in the quoted value of federal farm loan 5s of 1938. These bonds could be bought at 101 recently. Anxiety concerning financial stringency in Wall street was somewhat allayed when it became known that J. P. Morgan & Co. had avowed intention to lend funds on eligible acceptances at rates based on the federal reserve bank's discount quotation. Seems to me that latest developments along the battle-lines should bring at least a little easing in the monetary situation. The weekly bank statement discloses a gain of almost \$30,000,000 in actual surplus reserves, as also a substantial contraction in the loan item. A lessening of fears about the effects of government control has led to a distinct strengthening of the market for American Telephone and Western Union Telegraph shares. In the former instance, the improvement was furthered by the declaration of the regular quarterly dividend of \$2 a share. The current quotation of 97½ compares with a recent low point of 90¼. The scare had been rather hysterical, largely in consequence of sedulous dissemination of pessimistic gossip by a bear clique which had been operating on the short side for months, or ever since A. T. & T. fell below 115. As to the dividend on Western Union—\$7 per annum—there cannot be a tittle of doubt that it can readily be maintained for an indefinite period. On the grain exchanges the activity of speculators has been mostly confined to corn and oats lately, the quotations for which rose quite smartly on account of alarming advices concerning damage to fields in the southwest. Afterwards, much of the advance was lost when news of heavy rains in some parts of Kansas and Oklahoma caused precipitous liquidation. In the cotton market, a rapid rise of several cents has been followed by a slump of more than a hundred points. Nearby options are quoted at 32 to 33 cents. The market is feverish, and a resumption of the upward movement does not appear unlikely. It is an indisputable fact that prospective supplies of cotton are deficient, very decidedly so,

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indeed. Federal regulation of prices may yet have to be established if widely oppressive conditions are to be guarded against.

Finance in St. Louis

The local market for securities remains in an unmistakably firm position, comprehensively considered. Desirable issues are closely held, and offerings are quickly picked up even if no concessions are made to purchasers. The weakness of United Railways issues has no visible effect on the general list. It is taken for granted that in this case of chronic ailments the worst has already been discounted. The 4 per cent bonds are selling at 50, but the daily totals of sales are not at all heavy. Sixty shares of the preferred stock brought 12 the other day. National Candy common is quoted ex the semi-annual dividend of \$2.50. Thirty shares were transferred at 40.62½, a price indicating a moderate decline from the previous figure. Twenty Ely-Walker D. G. first preferred brought 102.50, and fifteen common 104. Missouri Portland Cement has moved up to 70, at which one hundred shares were disposed of. In the banking department they effected sales of twenty-seven Mercantile Trust at 340, the price previously in force. Fifteen Bank of Commerce were sold at 118 to 119, and ten Boatmen's at 105. There's reason for the belief that the values of good local securities should soon make interesting response to the gradual uplift in New York.

Latest Quotations

	Bid.	Asked.
Third National Bank.....	234
United Railways com.....	1 ½	2 ½
do pfd.....	11 ½
Fulton Iron pfd.....	100
K. C. Home Tel. 5s (\$500).....	85
Ely & Walker 1st pfd.....	102
Granite-Bimetallic.....	42 ½	47 ½
Independ. Brew. 1st pfd.....	6 ½
National Candy com.....	38 ¾	40
do 1st pfd.....	102

Answers to Inquiries

K. T., McD., Moberly, Mo.—(1) Would recommend holding Wilson Packing for higher prices. While it does not look like a superior speculation, it should advance ten to fifteen points as soon as the whole list begins to feel the effect of the fine news from France. The current price of 50 is only five points above the year's minimum. (2) Rock Island common has acted disappointingly in recent times, but will doubtless give an impressive account of itself at the right time. It's an attractive long-distance speculation. Stick to it.

CURIOUS, St. Louis.—Don't lose sleep over your Southern Pacific certificate. It's fine property, and should receive adequate valuation before long. An increase in the dividend rate is not altogether improbable, over 7 per cent having been earned in each of the past six or seven years. At present the company earns more than 10 per cent. About two years ago the stock sold at 104 ½. Nine years ago they paid as much as 139 ½ for it. Add to your holdings, scaling the order in the proper way. A serious decline need no longer be looked for.

SUBSCRIBER, Omaha, Neb.—Anaconda Copper will be on the upgrade at an early date, and that in lively fashion. It's not overvalued at 66 ½, the present

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SEPTEMBER 2, (2)

figure. Last May they paid 71 ½ for it. The annual dividend of \$8 does not appear endangered at this time, despite impending increases in war taxes. Copper will be in enormous demand after the war, and it would be absurd, therefore, to expect an acute decline in the metal's value in the next few years. Any drop that may be seen will be moderate and of short duration.

H. C. C., Wilmington, Del.—Wouldn't be in a hurry about buying Atlantic, G. & West Indies common at the ruling price of 103, which compares with a low notch of 87 ½ last September. The stock will be extensively liquidated in case of a rise in the near future. It has a narrow market at best. It was down to 4 ½ in 1914-15. As regards post-

bellum conditions, it must be borne in mind that all the great belligerent countries are feverishly adding to their mer-

cantile fleets, and that return to normal in shipping trade cannot reasonably be expected within two to three years after signing of a peace pact.

INVESTOR, Chicago, Ill.—The \$7 yearly dividend on Chicago & Northwestern common will undoubtedly be maintained. The present price of the stock is 93, or only eight points above the bottom figure of last December, which represented absolute minimum for about twenty-three years. You would not be indiscreet in increasing your holdings. This is one of the stocks that should advance importantly in the next great bull campaign. There's not much floating about in the street and it's excellent collateral at the banks.

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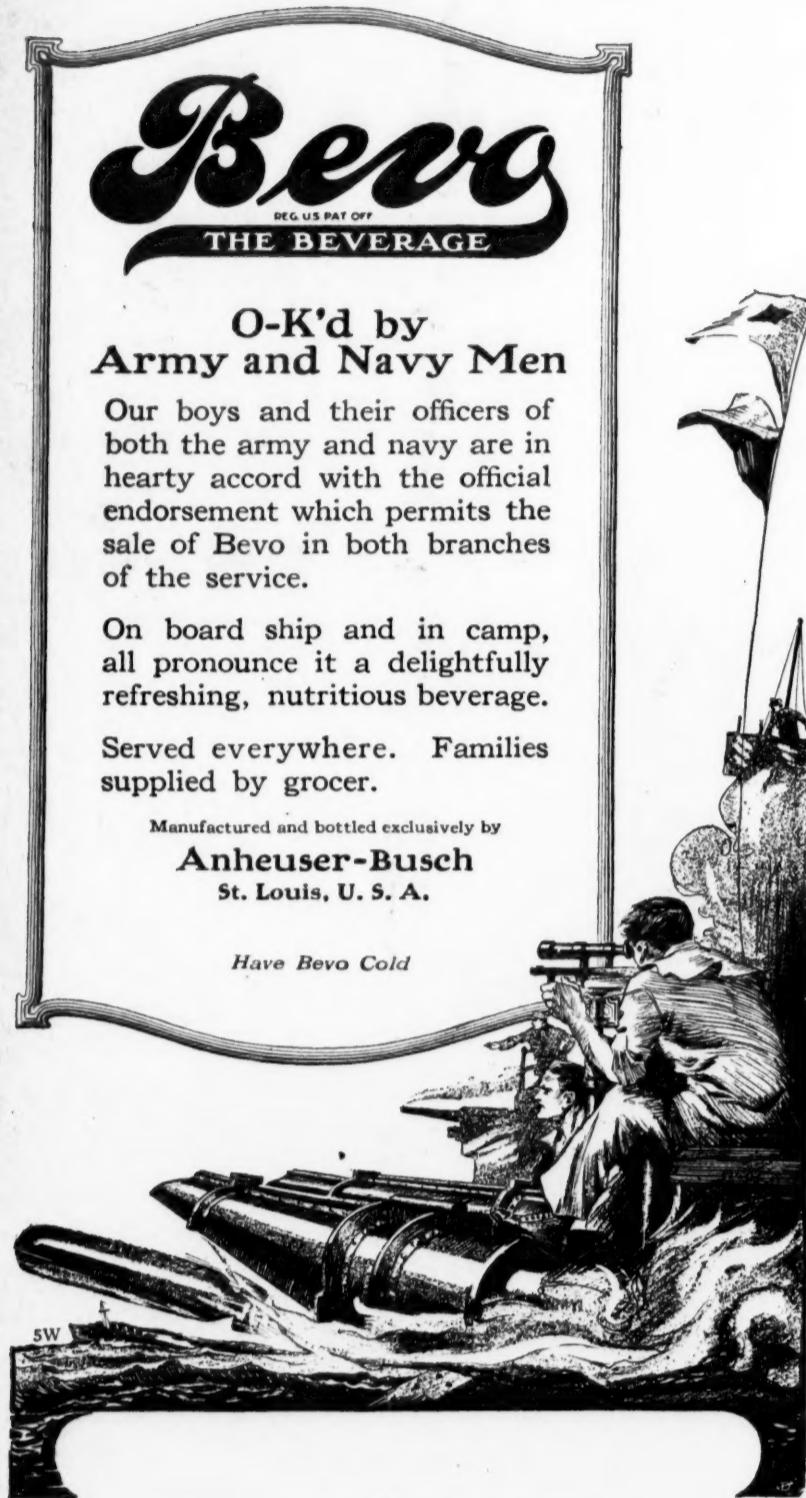
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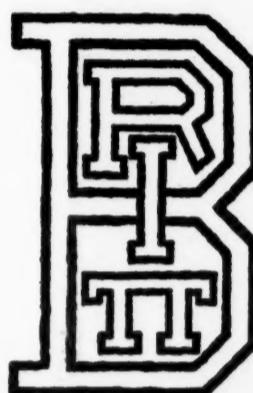
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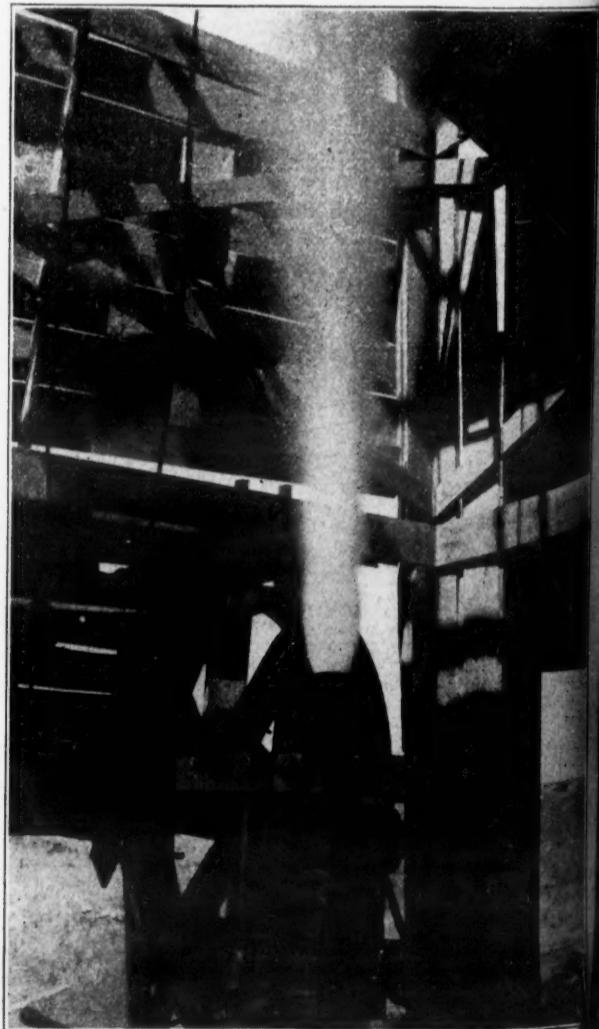
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